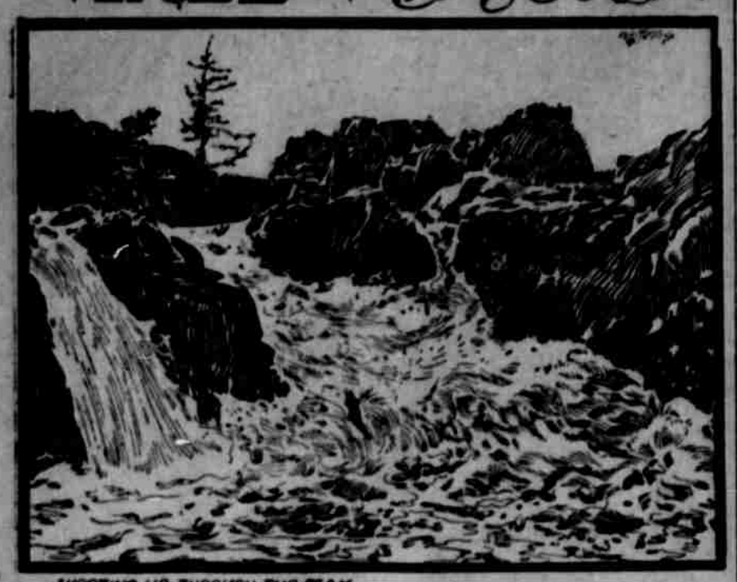
SALMON AT THE FALL



SHOOTING UP THROUGH THE FOAM

WHEN we read of King Robert the Bruce that he was so greatly impressed and inspired by the spectacle of the spider accomplishing, after very many efforts, that task which it was unable to do at first, we find ourselves beginning to wonder whether it had ever happened to that royal fugitive to see a salmon or sea-trout leaping at a fall. There is no doubt whatever that in his journeyings by flood and field this is a sight that must have often met his eyes. Perhaps it was really too familiar to strike his spirit as the spider struck it—to great issues. This leaping of the anadromous fishes at a fall is at once an exhibition of the most monumental perseverance and also of the most wonderful achievement of muscle that we are able to see. You may watch little fish, like the grilse in the the picture, leaping sheer over the height of man, hanging there a moment in the down-rushing water, with tail quivering after the amazing effort that has provided all the impetus, then swept down again, like a helpless mass of flotsam, into the turmoil of water below. It is not until you begin to regard that turmoil that you realize half the wonder of it. This leap, or goodness only can tell exactly how many times of its own height, would be a wonder even if it were taken from a favorable, or at least a firm, leaping board. Instead, it is taken from that mass of fluid sliding, rushing in a direction contrary to that in which the leap has to be made. Recognizing that, the wonder becomes little less than a miracle. If it were not done, we should say it was an impossibility. Closely watching, as far as we can, the preparations of the fish for the leap, we may see that it takes what we should call a long run, allows itself to be carried some distance down stream before repeating the attempt, and, when it essays the jump, comes to it almost vertically up through the water, cleaving the foam at the fall's foot. This action has led some to think that the fish does not, in fact, have such a bad "take off" as appears, for it is argued that there is a back rush, underneath the surface movement of the stream, towards the foot of the fall, and that the fish takes advantage of this to get up its impetus for the final vertical effort. The fish shown in the picture are grilse, and the grilse, for their size, are, perhaps, the most active of all, as it is right that they should be, seeing that they are at the young and athletic age; but the sight is hardly as impressive as that of a big salmon jumping.

If we can turn our thoughts from the wonder of the power which the fish shows in this leap, we must direct them on its untiring persistency. The pertinacity with which it is borne down, time after time, and returns to the charge, recalls the pathetic story of Sisyphus with his stone. On many rivers we know that the salmon's task is really as unending as that of Sisyphus himself. The purpose of the fish in attempting the ascent is, it need hardly be said, to get up to the gravelly reaches, probably nearer the sources of the big river or on some of its tributaries, where their ova may develop safely; and in all likelihood, though the story of their life has never been fully told, these are fish striving to return to the nurseries in which they were themselves reared. There are, however, certain falls on certain rivers which fish are now unable to ascend, or are able to do so only in such big spates as occur at very infrequent intervals. It may be that several years will elapse before the river is raised to such a height as will allow the fish to pass the fall. This may be owing to the natural changes produced by the action of the water on the rock in heightening the fall, making is steeper, or taking away the steps or landings, so to call them, which used to help the ascent, or it may be due to man's action in abstracting water by surface drainage or for use in his houses. In such a case as this the salmon never will surmount the fall, and it is evident that the natural result, in course of time, must be the gradual depletion of the river of its fish. Meantime such fish as may survive will continue their brave efforts with a perseverance which wins our admiration, though a true understanding of their psychology must, perhaps, convince us that it is without moral value, being merely a blind obedience to the inherited instinct of their race.

The great product of Labrador is its fisheries. Strip it of its marine products and you have left nothing but mosquitoes and a barren waste. In its fisheries, which amount annually to many hundreds of thousands of dollars, it is easy to see what has been the bone of contention in the past years between England, France and the United States. The business of catching fish is carried on for the most part by the large and enterprising houses of England, with their branch offices in Newfoundland. Each house has its dependents whom it furnishes in the spring with food, apparatus and boats necessary to obtain a catch. In the fall the accounts are settled. If the season has been a remunerative one the house obtains an ample return for its investment; but if, as often it happens, the season has been for some reason an unprofitable one, the house stands its loss, patiently looking to another year to reimburse it for its previous unprofitable outlay. Little money ever passes into the hands of the catchers of cod. It is a matter of barter wholly, and the balance of credit is always on the side of the house. Yet, with its manifest disadvantages, the system is a great practical help to the fisherman himself, since it frees him from direct competition in the open markets and guarantees him a home and means of support, which if left to himself he might often lack.

The method of catching fish differs from that employed by any other people except the Scandinavians. It was introduced from the Norwegian coast over 20 years ago and first put into operation off the shores of Newfoundland near St. John's. There it was so successful that trap fishing is now employed along the whole Labrador coast. The trap consists of an immense well, built in the form of a square, measuring eight fathoms to a side. These sides, which are made of strong netting, are connected at the bottom by a flooring of netting, the whole extending from the buoys at the surface to very near the bottom. From the square inclosure thus made a net is sprung to the shore, where it is fastened, generally at the foot of some perpendicular cliff, to serve the purpose of a leader. The fish in their passage to and from the harbor encounter this leader, and in trying to pass around it enter the trap, which they try in vain to leave. The average number of fish captured at one haul of the trap is 50 quintals in a good season, and as two hauls are made in a day the profits are large, especially when the fish sell, as during the last season, at from $3.50 to $4 a quintal.

The method of pulling the trap is interesting. A large boat, capable of carrying 40 quintals of fish and manned by six hands, is moored to one corner of the trap and the work of undermining begun, the object being to force the fish into one corner that they may the more easily be transferred to the boat by the dipnet. Beginning at this corner, the bottom and sides of the net are pulled gradually to the sides of the boat, as each new hold reaches the gunwale the preceding one being let go. In this way the fish are gradually forced into the corner, from which they are transferred to the boat. Oftentimes the sag of the net becomes caught on the bottom of the boat, which is then literally aground on the shoal of codfish. When the catch is too large for the boat to carry to the cleaning house a bag is fastened to the top line of the net and the fish forced into it, where they remain till the next day, when they are taken at a special trip. A well-equipped trap costs $400, and when badly torn or, as is sometimes the case in a storm, lost altogether, necessitates an additional hardship on the unfortunate owner.

Teach Household Economics.

The Women's Educational and Industrial union of Boston has added expert visiting housekeepers to its department of household economics. For a small fee the visiting housekeepers will drop in and set the machinery of the household running smoothly by exhibiting new equipment or giving aid and instruction in whatever branch mistress or maid may need it.

If a man's credit is good it is because he seldom uses it.

Styles in Hats

FIG 2 FIG 1 FIG 3

The three hats illustrated here are entirely different from each other. Each one is typical of one of the three distinct classes of millinery—the "dress" hat, the "semi-dress" hat and the "utility" hat. Milliners usually distinguish these classes by the terms —dress hats, trimmed hats and tailored hats.

Fig. 1 is an example of the "dress" hat, which we are all prone to call a pattern hat. It is a chamois colored felt trimmed with marabout down and coque feathers; not an extreme example of dainty and fragile millinery, but too light and too elaborate for ordinary wear. The time when one hat had to do service for all occasions, is long past. This hat and others of its class are out of place for general wear. If one can only afford a single hat, she must turn her face resolutely away from this character of millinery.

A trimmed hat which will be very generally useful is shown in Fig. 2. It is of black corded silk trimmed with a very large bow made of black taffeta silk, having the ends fringed out. The bow is mounted with a large bunch of black silk violets at one side and the hat is one of those becoming new shapes which turn up in the back and are lifted, in a slight angle, from the brow. These silk hats come in all the season's fashionable colors, so that one's choice is not limited in the matter of color. White hats with black facings (and the reverse) are made up with black trimming into models of great distinction. This hat is a good choice for women who do not go out often and who feel a dressier model unnecessary. It is a beautiful hat for church wear. Worn with bright, dressy gowns, it will serve for a multitude of social occasions. In fact a hat of this character is very generally useful and comes nearer to answering all requirements, than any other sort.

In Fig. 3, a tailored hat is shown. The shape is nobby and mannish and is covered with plain taffeta silk shirred onto the frame. This and similar shapes are shown covered with the moire and corded silks which are found on all kinds of millinery this season. For these hats the trimming is of the very simplest character. It amounts to only a finish of some sort. A band and flat bow of velvet, kid or ribbon. Sometimes a buckle or other ornament is used. A simple rain-proof feather is not out of place, but the best effects are those in which feathers and flowers are conspicuous by their absence. This is the hat for the tailor-made costume for the street and for traveling. In the estimation of many people of excellent taste and judgment, it is the sort of millinery which should be worn at church. It is smart, inconspicuous and well made, like a tailored gown. Those hats that are made of plain silk are easier to keep from dust than the shirred varieties. In passing it should be remembered that hats must be dusted with very soft brushes or wiped off with a scrap of plush or velvet. Nothing is quite so good as a piece of silk plush for keeping millinery clean.

PRINCESS COSTUME

This costume is in old rose cashmere; the dress is a semi-fitting Princess, with panel back and front stitched at each edge; two flat pleats extend from the panel each side, and are fixed under a pointed tab of silk; folds of silk are laid under the edge of panel, and partly fill in the round neck, the over-sleeves being bound with the same. The small yoke is of silk muslin.

Materials required: Three yards, 46 inches wide, 3-4 yard silk.

Scant Skirts.

In spite of the many rumors to the contrary, the newest skirts still give the scant effect about the feet. They are, many of them, especially those having the Byzantine yoke, made quite full above the knees by means of side plaits and in other ways, but about the ankles they again become tight fitting. This is done by the use of weights in the hem, and also by the absence of stiff petticoats, oftentimes the soft satin lining of the skirt itself being the only covering below the knees.

Home Gowns.

The marked departures in home gowns are a short skirt and a collarless and half-decollete neck. The semi-decolletages are not only allowed, but commanded by fashion. If the neck is covered at all by the afternoon dress, it is only by transparent fabrics that never rise above the collar line.—Harper's Bazar.

RUSSIAN CAFTAN MUCH LIKED

Practical Fashion Has Been Eagerly Taken Up and Made a Season's Mode.

One of the newest and most practical of fashions that are being adopted is the Russian caftan, a coat-like garment which is similar to that worn by Tolstoy, the great Russian author, in pictures, with which we are familiar.

The coat has a round or square neck, a slightly bloused bodice part and a straight bottom edge that ends just above the knees. It is confined at the waist line by a satin belt; or, to make it more realistic, a silk cord.

The edges of the coat are bound with satin; for winter garment, bands of fur will be used. The fastening is of ornamental or perfectly plain buttons and satin cord or braided buttonholes.

This style may be developed to the extreme, but in its simpler form is more dignified.

The style promises to be a popular one for smart fall and winter costumes. Frocks of woolen fabric, with blouses of net and silk and a caftan of the material trimmed with satin in a harmonizing tone, or, what is safer yet, black, will be in good taste for the well-dressed woman.

New Type of Gown.

Pretty semi-evening gowns, called abroad casino gowns, are being worn with but slight decolletage and transparent guimpes of tulle or mousseline. The materials used on gowns of this type are embroideries, laces or crepe de chines, for satin seems to be somewhat passe. Many of them are trimmed with deep silk fringe, and, as the guimpe is always collarless, beautiful dog collars of jeweled velvet or jet are worn, so that the gown may be becoming with a hat.

Somehow a collarless gown and a picture hat are not always a pretty combination.

Tunics.

Curiously lovely effects are gained in little informal evening and afternoon gowns by the use of a chiffon draped tunic over a gown of a contrasting shade of satin, with a bit of embroidery on the edge of the tunic. Some striking combinations are nasturtium orange chiffon with touches of gold over gray green satin; dark gray chiffon with silver over light blue, and brilliant currant red chiffon over deep prune color, the embroidery in bronze, gold and deep reds.

Correct Veils.

Taupe is the leading shade in plain mesh veils, and those made of a wiry thread in the large, hexagonal type, are unusually becoming to the complexion. Another mesh veil, of finer weave, is covered with flat velvety pastilles, square in shape and scattered over the surface at close intervals.

Sadie of the Kind Eyes

By MINNA THOMAS ANTRIM

"But," said Sadie, "I never did see a real clown. I never did see any except on fences—paper clowns."

Don sighed. That she should have seen and possessed so little, whilst he, a boy, with two straight legs and no bad back, should have been to the circus twice, and have a play-room filled with toys, hurt him. Why, he wondered, should he be so dowered and Sadie so forlorn? Into her sunny face he looked, marveling at its brightness. Her eyes, wells of soul-beauty, fascinated him.

"Never did see no clown at all? Nor bare-back ladies 'at wide 'thout saddles?"

To Don Sadie's deprivation in respect to circuses seemed to epitomize her hard luck.

"I never did see any circus ladies —nor clowns," she repeated, the while holding up three gorgeous leaves for Don's admiration. Too full of his subject was he to notice—leaves.

"Tell me 'bout 'em" Sadie urged; "tell me all 'bout the clowns and riding ladies." She drew her poor little body closer to the tree under which they were seated. "Now," she said brightly, "begin."

But Don was not quite ready to commence the glittering tale. He whipped off his small jacket and, rolling it up cushion-wise, placed it between the tree and the hollow of Sadie's back.

"Dere," he said tenderly; "now you can harb better."

Sadie cuddled comfortably, and Don, throwing his sturdy body down upon the bed of leaves that he had scraped together for Sadie began.

As his tale unfolded, Sadie—"Sadie of the Kind Eyes"—leaned forward the better to drink in the enchantment of tent and ring.

Dear little wayfarer! Incurably afflicted, yet a veritable Merry-Heart. Sadie's seven years had been spent among those whose lives were but work-driven itineraries from the door of life to their predestined bit of ground in which to sleep, perchance to dream. But over Sadie passed all shadows lightly. If her yesterday's bread lacked butter, she was thankful that, unlike poorer children, even bread was not also denied to her.

When her aunt—an elderly seamstress with whom she had lived up to her fifth year—died, she became an inmate of the Home for Crippled Children, where her joyous spirit worked better magic than medicine for many a sufferer.

In spite of a limited vocabulary, Don was colorfully picturing the never-fading glories of circus shreds and patches.

"An'," continued he, hurrying on, "de clown was all floury, wiv red and blue streaks, an' he sayed such funny fings 'at maked the seats shake."

"Seats?"

Don nodded. "'Way high up ones, wiv grass-plats underneaf 'em. W'en you're up your head 'most touches de top. I wasn't up. 'Fore you go in—outside —dere's cages, en el'phants, en g'rillas, en hip'potamuses, en monkeys, en—"

"Big bears?"

"Yes, en little bears—teeny ones."

"An' middlin' size ones?"

Don stopped. "No," he said, with serious fidelity to truth; "'cept but free—one big bear en two baby ones. Der wasn't any more bears, but dere was—"

"Horses with long tails?"

"Horses" exclaimed Don. "Fousens an' fousens of 'em, all dressed up like ladies—"

"In velvet?" breathed Sadie awesomely.

"Yes," nodded the tale-weaver, to whom all fabrics looked alike, "an' gold dingle-dangles 'at hanged down." Suddenly Don stopped, his hand holding Sadie's. "Didn't you never see no p'rade?" he asked.

Alas, Sadie had never seen a parade, her infirmities and the location of her home prohibiting.

"No," she said, a bit wistfully; "not yet; but"—cheerfully—"I've seen a Salvation Army wagon."

Don's face saddened, but he kept on tactfully. "De horses run 'bout and dance like iss—look!" He cavorted about as gracefully as might be among the leaves.

"Den the big horses go dis way"—Don trumpeted loudly. "Den de fairy tween's ladies, some wiv dold trowns, tome in and jumped up on dere horse's backs; one lady 'at had hair like Muvver's, 'thout no gentleman puttin' out his hand, jumped up on her horse, den round and round she rided and jumped froo paper hoops, till it maked me all dizzy."

Sadie's wonder found no verbal expression. "What do the fairy queen ladies that ride bare-back wear?" she asked presently.

Don looked perplexed. Chiffons, save upon his adorable young mother and her friends who came out to see her from town, were things far apart from Don, therefore he frowned. "I —I didn't look—ve'wy hard," he said. "'Cept petticoats like Effel wears, 'at shakes w'en dey are jes on fresh, de circus ladies didn't wear nothin'."

"Maybe they're poor," suggested Sadie, her utterance born of deeper knowledge than Don's.

"Maybe," he acquiesced thoughtfully. "I fink so, 'cause Keif telled me 'at day wasn't little girls—I fink dey was—but mammas—some of 'em gwanmammas."

"And they weared little short frocks—short ones?"

"Not fwocks, Sadie, only but petti-coats," corrected Don, who was an accurate child.

"Poor ladies!" sighed Sadie. "I 'spects velvet frocks takes too much money. It takes much stuff for long trails like your mamma wears. Oh, Don, she is the beautifullest lady in the whole world!"

"My mamma?"

"Yes," nodded Sadie, almost reverently. "She told the minister's wife, Mis' Brooks, that she wanted to borrow me, to stay at your house two whole weeks, till it's time to go back to the Home."

Don's eyes glowed. "Two whole weeks?" he repeated ecstatically.

As they talked, a hoary old squirrel that Don knew well and called "Greybeard" blinked down upon them knowingly. Just for fun, he stole far out upon upon a branch laden heavily with walnuts, and sent a couple into Sadie's lap. Not satisfied, he hit Don on the head with two more, which broke up the circus recital, and for a time they spoke of Greybeard, who listened and blinked in glee.

"Don't Ethel come over to see you any more?" asked Sadie then.

Don looked toward the big white house across the way, where dwelt his erstwhile "sweetheart." The vista was long, but Don's vision was perfect.

"Effel's mad wiv me," he said, with that calmness that is hand-maiden to Disillusion.

Sadie stared. How could Don take Ethel's displeasure so!

"'Cause I don't love her best any more," explained Don.

"Oh, do, do love her best, Don!" exclaimed Sadie. "She is so— Oh, look, look! There she comes! She's comin' over!" Sadie cried excitedly.

Ethel was indeed coming over, and with no lagging footsteps. Directly across the road toward Don's happy hunting grounds she was speeding. Entering, and looking like a flower, she swiftly ran across the lawn into the orchard, then through into the woods where she and Don had spent so many hours, just as he and this interloper were evidently doing. The sight was intolerable to her. From her own home she had watched the two for hours.

Don rose. He was upon his own domain and Ethel his guest, therefore he indicated the only seat available.

Characteristically the new-comer began.

"'Pears," said she, ignoring both Sadie's presence and Don's courtesy, "you don't want me over here no more." Then, with slow-coming finality: "You want—her?"

When verity and courtesy clash, even the elders are confounded. At five diplomacy is a slow-growing product. To lie Don was afraid—his religious training forbade it. To tell the simple truth he felt might have unpleasing results. He abhorred a scene, being a trousered creature. That not only words of wisdom come out of the mouths of babes, Ethel had long ago taught him. Indeed, full well he knew how wrathful she could be when thwarted. The jealous Feminine Eye confronted him. So, as had his forebears, Don hedged. Tact, inborn, however, assisted him to careful phrasing.

"We can all be here," he said, quite gaily.

"'Thout she goes, I won't stay," snapped the aggressor.

Sadie reached for her crutch nervously. Unfortunately for Ethel's peace of mind, Don saw this, and the wounded look in Sadie's tender eyes.

"Sadie won't go, 'tause she's a-doin' to stay at our house two whole weeks —two whole weeks," he repeated joyously.

Like a whip Ethel's protest smote the air. "She shan't, she shan't stay, Don Maddock!" she cried, flaming rage drying the tears as they welled. "She must do away, she s'all do—"

"An' w'en I am a big man," continued Don calmly, "I'm a-doin' to ma'wy Sadie." As he spoke, he went over to where his latest love was seated. Her he saw, and for her only he felt. Her, the innocent but well-beloved object of Ethel's jealous rage, he would protect at any cost. What mattered anything, any one, save the matchless Sadie?"

But the little was watching dark-visaged Grief vanquish Rage.

"You—are—a-doin'—to—ma'wy her, not—me?"

Was this small, anguished voice Ethel's?

Don stared, startled, appalled. Sadie's heart contracted pitifully. She leaned toward the tiny figure, now shaking with sobs, comfortingly.

"Don's jes' funning!" she exclaimed, laughing contagiously. "Listen, Ethel I ain't goin' to marry any one. I'm goin' to—"

"What?" asked Ethel eagerly.

"I ain't goin' to grow big, you know but I'm a-goin' to get older, and then—"

"What?" demanded Ethel sharply, the while flipping away two big tears with silken brushes.

"I'm a-goin' to be 'A Merry Sunshine-Maker'" beamed Sadie. "Doctor says that's what I was born for, to make 'merry sunshine.'"